

## The Daily Freeman.

## EVENING EDITION.

The Freeman.  
With his hand upon his charter,  
And his foot upon the sod,  
He will stand—or die a martyr  
For his Freedom and his God.

C. W. WILLARD, Editor.

J. W. WHELOCK, Printer.

MONTPELIER, VT.  
THURSDAY, DEC 12, 1861.

HAVING CHOSEN OUR CAUSE WITHOUT GUILE  
AND WITH PURE MOTIVES, LET US RENEW OUR  
TRUST IN GOD AND GO FORWARD WITHOUT FEAR  
AND WITH MANLY HEARTS.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

## A DAILY FREEMAN

Will be published at this office until further notice. Two editions will be issued, one to be ready for the mail West, and the stages that leave Montpelier in the afternoon, the other in the morning in season for the morning mails. Each edition will contain the latest telegraphic news to the time of going to press.

## The Terms will be,

\$4.00 per year, or \$1.00 for three months, to mail subscribers and those taking the paper from the office.

\$5.00 per year, or \$1.25 for three months, to village subscribers—paper delivered at their houses or places of business.

Advertisements inserted on reasonable terms. Orders are solicited. C. W. WILLARD.

## Virginia.

Our correspondent at the seat of war in the letter which we published to day gives a graphic picture of the desolation wrought in Virginia by the war. It is quite plain to any comprehension, from such accounts as this, that the progress of the Union troops thus far into Virginia has made the portions of the State occupied by them little better than a desolation. And such a result is one of the inevitable evils of the war, and ought one would think, to bring home to the apprehensions of Virginians, and all rebels the deplorable consequences of their mad treason. It now seems probable if the war continues and our troops are ever moved forward from the Potomac, that they will leave in their path little besides the debris of a desolating army, and that Virginia East of the Blue Ridge will be planted anew, and her lands portioned out, perhaps, as bounties to the loyal soldiers who now stand by the flag of the Union on the threshold of the State.

But if this should be done, there would soon be a reverse of the present gloomy picture. New England blood and New England enterprise on that "sacred soil" would in a few years make a wonderful difference in the land of Floyd and Mason. The effete civilization, which has cursed and held back a State so marvelously blessed by nature, would be supplanted by the free civilization that takes with it the school house and the church, and remembers that the laborer is worthy of his hire. Its hills and valleys would smile with more bountiful harvests than heretofore, the products of free labor, and its magnificent rivers and bays bear on their bosoms a richer commerce than ever before floated on their waters. Villages, towns, cities would spring up by the magic of Yankee energy along the inland streams, and by sounding waterfalls. The exports of the Old Dominion would no longer, as in time past, be flesh and blood—sold in the market, but the products of spindles and looms, of the workshop and forge, of thrifty husbandry and intelligent, educated labor.

Though there must be much destruction, many wrecks of fortunes and wide spread devastation as the evil of this war, there is yet hope that from the ruin, out of the anguish and pain and death that must accompany our army, will come the new birth, the regeneration, a better civilization, a free industry, and a substantial, continuing and beneficent progress.

**THE SIXTH REGIMENT.**—We learn that there had been up to last Sunday fourteen deaths in this regiment. The frequent deaths and the great number sick were apparently having a serious effect upon the remainder of the regiment. Prayer meetings were held every evening, and sometimes several in the same evening, and a general solemnity seemed to pervade the camp.

## Notice!

Agreeably to the vote of the village of Montpelier at the last annual meeting, the Bailiffs give notice that they have established as a distinguishing badge for the FIRE WARDENS, a gilded STAR to be worn on the left breast at fires. And for the PROPERTY SAVING COMPANY, a plain gilded ROSETTE, to be worn in like manner.

In accordance with the expressed wish of the Village, and by an arrangement with the Foremen of the Engine Companies, notice is given, that hereafter no bills against the Village will be paid unless contracted by authority of the Bailiffs.

LOUIS PALMER,  
R. W. HYDE,  
SAMUEL WELLS,  
E. HUBBARD,  
J. T. THURSTON,  
Bailiffs.

Village of Montpelier, Dec. 10, 1861.

Efforts are at once to be made to complete the extension of the Passumpsic railroad North of Barton, and to that end several meetings have been called in Orleans county.

(Our War Correspondence.)  
From the Fifth Vermont Regiment.  
CAMP GRIFFIN, Dec. 5th, 1861.

MR. EDITOR:—I am now, in company with several other line officers of the Brigade, waiting in a tent attached to Gen. Smith's headquarters, for the purpose, when called on, of giving in my testimony before a Court Martial, one of our captains being placed in arrest charged with giving an order while on picket to "march," when he was not in command. Tired, very tired waiting my turn, I might as well employ myself by commencing another letter to you upon picket matters, as the letter if written as I now have it arranged will be somewhat lengthy. Long letters from correspondents, and on war matters, are a bore, but perhaps these long winter evenings your readers can manage, by putting this and that together, a long letter, and one of your spiky quips, like the one on the "Review" for instance, to convince themselves that they are getting the long and short of the matter, and so be contented.

I have already told you much about our picket affairs, but as you certainly cannot expect any very solid information about the war from this Division of the Grand Army, I have thought that you might endure a little more.

## PICKET DETAILS.

Most correspondents have a faculty of giving a sort of metropolitan newspaper twang to their communications. Such things are all well enough perhaps, but the *Freeman* is not the New York Herald, and its readers, though equally intelligent, are not as well satisfied with the theses of these "talented correspondents," as with a scattering shot of details, fixing their attention upon a variety of army matters at one and the same time. If this is not true, your correspondent must go back to the very elements of human nature, and commence his studies anew.

Well, patience covereth a multitude of sins, but I fear that you will be obliged to increase its efficiency if you publish many more letters from your "own army correspondent." This picket duty is very remarkable in more ways than one. It has its ups and downs with the soldiers. At times it is very pleasant and they like it. Again it is very severe, very hazardous, and they don't like it. However, there is one thing certain: it does more towards converting these raw troops into an army of soldiers than any other duty imposed upon us. At least such has been my own experience. Since I have had an opportunity to do this duty, I have acquired information not only military, but about the geography and topography of this "sacred soil" that I am satisfied is of more worth to me as a soldier than all else I have learned. And if I have my health, and am fortunate enough to escape such courts as I am now waiting upon, I hope to acquire more.

On the morning of the 4th inst., I was again on picket, being posted upon the extreme right of our Division, connecting with the left of McCull's Division. I have never yet had a more pleasant post, my reserve being at the house of a Mr. Ball, now a captain in the rebel army. I relieved a lieutenant from the 7th Maine, his instructions being very full and explicit, viz:—"to remain there until he was relieved, and keep a good look out." Well, I calculated to do that, but the "instructions" didn't suit me exactly, so I prepared a code for myself, that I thought would keep rebels and everybody else at a respectful distance from my sentinels. All this done, I returned to my reserve, the house. The boys, of course, were eating, for whenever a soldier has a chance to sit down, he will eat till he is ordered to "fall in," if it is twenty-four hours.

## A DESOLATE REBEL PLANTATION.

I think I have alluded to this house before, though imperfectly. Having an hour or two for inspection as well as watchfulness and observation, I amused myself gathering up evidence upon war and its effects upon such happy homes as this once was. Here was the plantation of a Southern gentleman. A fine, costly mansion, with its garden, vineyard, arbors, walks, groves, and every comfort and luxury associated with that enchanting word—*home*. Now, all was a wreck. War had been there, or what is worse, though the same thing perhaps, an army of loyal soldiers had been there, with most of whom vengeance and revenge was evidently their watchword. The grounds and all the outside adornments of that proud fireside were ravaged and wasted, the plantation itself might as well have been a desert, while the house, the roof that once sheltered this home of father, mother, and their prattling children, was defaced and sifted of every adornment or comfort. The rich easements of its hearthstones were marred and broken, its finished walls, once as white as the driven snow, were defaced and pictured over with the grand and foul emblems of the soldier-artist. Through its halls, around its verandas, and along its dooryard-walks were strewn the fragments of broken mirrors, porcelain and china, the toys of children, the little "gaiter boots," bird cages, velvet and satin slippers, demolished statuary, and many, many household relics of the parlor, the nursery and the chamber. Everything was ruin and desolation. And this was war. Suppressing every feeling, every emotion that could possibly enroach upon my patriotism, or my duty, I viewed this home-wreck as something wrong and wicked.

I had other feelings. It might be but a miniature picture of my own humble but sacred home, far, far away, among the most cruel and desperate representatives of treason that the rebellion has begotten—Missouri traitors. No home is sacred to men, who to treason, murder, arson and robbery, have added the savage cruelties of an Indian ally, with his tomahawk and scalping knife. But no more.

That your readers may form some idea of the taste and genius of our soldiers who had used these stucco walls as a canvas for representing their sentiments in Crayon Sketches, I herewith furnish you with a copy of some of their designs—not the Crayons themselves, but a simple description.

## CRAYON NO. 1.

This was a charcoal sketch and very neatly done, of a young lady in riding habit, standing beside her proud and gaily caparisoned horse, with a musket at "present arms," while a body of Federal troops were passing in the distance, her salute being "God bless you." What a happy conception, sufficient to make any man proud of the profession of arms.

## CRAYON NO. 2.

How different. It was a simple gallows, erected in front of an encampment, with a man swinging at a rope's end, and over all the in-

scription, "Jeff's last promotion." Hurry up the promotion.

## CRAYON NO. 3.

Must have been sketched by a special artist of the "Budget of Fun," the same being a soldier of the Falstaff phisique, covered all over with buttons, belts and epaulettes, the last band being stamped with the words, "Grand Rounds," while underneath was the soldier's challenge, "Halt, who comes there?" "Grand Rounds." "H—I, I thought 'twas the 3d relief."

## CRAYON NO. 4.

Was a portrait of Capt. Ball, the owner of the house, dressed in secesh uniform and looking very fierce and very cheap. In front stood a New York Zouave, comforting him with the words, "Old Ball, you're a disgrace to the secesh soil that gave you birth." Well, I guess he is. At any rate, he'll think his home is if he sees it again.

## CRAYON NO. 5.

Attracted my particular attention. It was evidently a very good thing, or a very bad thing. Fanny Fern would condemn it at once, but for all that it will bear study, and I expect it will be thoroughly criticised by the good ladies of Vermont. The sketch was most beautifully executed, being a proud, handsome and elegant woman, in full dress, the right arm giving or waving the gesture of defiance, while around her brow was entwined a wreath of flowers, leaves and buds. The picture itself was fine,—it required no study to admire it,—but over that Queenly form was written in the speech of England—"Woman, the bane of the South and the curse of the Union for 1861." That soldier is an artist, but I can't admire his philosophy. It is a little too rough, severe and uncharitable. But as my teeth are all gone, I'll leave that bone for the ladies to pick.

## CRAYON NO. 6.

Was drawn by some Railroad employee, and as it well expressed the true sentiments of every soldier, it also riveted my attention. The picture was a well drawn locomotive, with the words, "Union Line" on the boiler plate. Behind was a train of cars, decorated with flags, and the whole train was represented as being under way, going at full speed, blowing, whistling, blowing, and banners flying. Everything was complete but the cow-catcher, and this was formed by grouping a file of soldiers in front of the locomotive at "Charge bayonets," a splendid sign. But this was not all; over the boiler was a regular Railroad placard, "Army train—through to Richmond, via Manassas and Ball run—no change of cars. Fare as low as by any other route. Time and money saved."

UCCLE SAM, A. LINCOLN,  
Gen'l Sup't. Agent."

The only trouble with that sketch was the want of a time table to let us know the time of leaving and arriving. But perhaps the Agent don't know as well as some of his conductors and road masters. However, we'll try and not miss the train.

There were hundreds of other sketches, many of which were unique, but most of them were low and unseemly.

In addition to the Crayons there were also sentiments in prose and verse, written by soldiers who were unable to express their ideas with pencil and charcoal.

Let me give you a few of the more patriotic ones:

MR. BALL, Excuse me but you're a Dam phool. If you had not succeeded you might have lived here in splendour and happiness. But you, like all your comrades, have left this glorious Union and now we Pickets have destroyed your house, eat your potatoes, burned your fences, ruined your crops and farm, and more than that, if you escape with your life your character will be ruined and you yourself be a curse forever more. For this Union shall be preserved, and its banner wave over you, Jeff Davis and every other d—n slave.

W. F. BAILEY.

## Another:

"MR. BALL: If you had taken warning before it was too late to retrace your steps you might have been enjoying the comforts of a pleasant home. But you have gone too far. Too many eyes are turned upon you to allow you to escape the just indignation of a free and great nation. For a while you had the favor of the officers of the army and the navy, but now they neither court your smiles or fear your frowns."

J. W. GARROW.

Co. E, 10th Penn.

But this is sufficient, full enough to demonstrate the animus of our soldiers.

About 11 o'clock I made my way up through the attic of the main building to the roof, where I had a fine view of the country for miles around. Looking to the north and west I espied four mounted soldiers, riding around near the timber that enclosed a small patch of some four or five acres of cleared land. They were fully a mile and a half off and in the exact direction of Leesburg, where a large force of rebels are posted. While watching their motions as best I could, a captain in the 3d Penn. came along with a field glass. I called him up upon the house and we soon satisfied ourselves that they were rebels, and in one corner of the timber they had a small fire. We came down directly and the Captain said he was going out there. In about an hour the general field officer of the day came around, and I reported to him what I had seen. This was at noon. In a half hour I was relieved and sent to the main reserve to wait till midnight. Here we prepared a dinner, eat heartily, and then amused ourselves listening to the remarks of the more witty and talkative soldiers, among whom were a squad of 2d boys. I told you some rather tough stories about these boys in my last, but they are the best soldiers we have and of course can stand fire against all the paper batteries of the country. Well, around the fire where we had just dined were some six or eight of these boys enlisted under a lot of other soldiers with their yards of camp life, the best of which was the following, which we will call

## THE WAKE.

The narrator was a very eccentric genius, but full of fun and gab. Their conversation turned upon sickness in the Brigade. He said it was most all "sham," and that the thing was nearly played out in the Second Regiment. If a man was sick or off duty more than two days at a time, they held a wake over him which soon brought him into the ranks. Some candles were secured, a few quarts of vinegar, a little turpentine, and the wake opened. The candles were lighted and placed at the head and feet of the invalid. Mass was then said, a

burnt offering of old clothes made, the subject thoroughly sprinkled with vinegar, a lotion of turpentine applied to his feet and ears; a hymn was then sung, while the Padre and his retainers played a game of "seven up" over his loins, the whole concluding with the solemn and touching ceremony of a forced blubber. The next day their patient was the best soldier in the ranks. So much for the wake which he said was a sovereign remedy for nine cases in ten of sick soldiers.

Just then the General Field officer came round and enquired for your long-winded correspondent. He was there, and responded to the call, which turned out to be an order from Gen. Hancock to take thirty men and scout for the mounted rebels mentioned above. Capt. Chandler being in command of our relief, I suggested the propriety of his going along, and he did so. Picking our men, we started about 3 o'clock, with positive orders to be inside the picket line before dark; that would leave us about three hours to go at least four miles and return, skirmishing as we went. However, we went to the house, got our bearings, and by 4 1-2 o'clock were ready to march. Just then a Lieutenant of the 9th Penn. came up, and learning our mission, informed us that he had just come in from there, having been out with seventy men under the command of the Captain who was with me on the house. That information threw a wet blanket upon all our chances to distinguish ourselves! We accordingly returned to the reserve, and the Captain called for twenty wagons to bring in the dead and wounded. Here we were to stay till midnight. The hours went slowly by. Sleep we could not, around the fires of four hundred noisy soldiers, singing, laughing, and indulging in the most refined conversation. At last one of the 4th or 6th boys, of a speculative turn, brought in a barrel of apples, and opened a retail apple stand, "at four cents apiece." For a while the sale went bravely on; but soon the 2d boys got wind of the "apple show," and they began to "fall in." This produced quite a sensation, and every now and then I could hear something said in a low undertone about "lifting" and "reaching,"—some of their camp vernacular that I didn't exactly understand. However, the apple man seemed to understand it, and getting "seared," he sung out lustily for "John, John, get your musket and stand guard, the 2d boys are coming." All this produced a great deal of pleasnir, but when one of them remarked, "d—n your apples! when we reach, we take something worth while—turkeys, chickens, geese, pigs (alias possums), hogs, anything contraband," there was a perfect uproar of laughter. Bully for the Second.

This fun over, I found a comparatively quiet spot near a fire, spread down my blankets, made a pillow out of my canteen and two ears of corn, and was soon in a gentle snooze. At midnight we were aroused, marched up to the right reserve, where they lay till daylight, doing our best to pass away the long, weary hours. We eat, smoked, told stories, and finally went to chopping wood to keep warm, for the night was cold and damp. At last we were relieved by the 33d N. Y. boys, when we quietly returned to camp, hungry, tired, and somewhat cross. Such is life. Yours, &c.,

SEE SEE SEE.

## A Song of Deliverance.

A Port Royal correspondent of the New York Express gives an interesting account of an exploring expedition sent out by Gen. Sherman to get soundings of the creeks between Hilton Island and the mainland, and make a general reconnaissance. The incidents of the passage are thus graphically described:

"As we sailed on toward Spanish Wells, the place on Hilton Island from which we were to return to our rendezvous of the night before, it was nearly the dusk of evening. May river and McKay creek were both placid, and the gleam of burning cotton-houses flared across their silent waters. All up and down the stream no sign of life was perceptible, where a month ago small boats and steam craft were constantly plying; no planter's house on the shore was occupied; no planter's boat put out into the water; the negro quarters were illuminated by the glare of the configurations, and the long lines of their squalid huts looked in the gleaming like tents illuminated by camp fires. The black oarsmen chuckled with intimate glee at the evidence of Southern fear. They finally broke out into singing as they rowed, and in their strangely plaintive minor strains expressed a satisfaction that to unaccustomed ears was quaint enough in utterance. The utterance was not, however, altogether untruthful. Though the jargon at first seemed so utterly incomprehensible that we thought it vain to listen for the separate syllables, after a while a liberality was evident, and the blacks themselves said they were singing spiritual hymns; the word joy was frequently repeated in the peculiar refrain. And so these fugitives, escaped from bondage, served the conquerors of their former masters, along the waters they had so often crossed! When slaves, and sang songs full of significant yet plaintive exultation; the words were joyful though the notes were sad, (for slaves had never learned to sing in other and triumphant keys.) The scene was melancholy. The desolation of war was brought home most terribly to South Carolina, which had provoked the war. On her own shores, her own sons had destroyed her proud storehouses whose contents were to rule the world; on her own waters the Yankees rode triumphant, borne by those fugitive slaves whose fealty they had tauntingly assured us was secure. Slavery, which might have remained undisturbed had South Carolina remained loyal, was, without any act of the legitimate government, alarmingly shaken, if not irrevocably overturned. Those plaintive Union notes sung by the children of bondage were the death knell of the rebellion."

## From the Christian Messenger.

PRODUCTS OF NORTHERN SOIL.—BR. WEBSTER. Allow me space in your paper for an item, relating to the Southern production of our northern soil. While making a pastoral visit at Br. Sheldon of Londonderry, I was shown a fine cluster of ripe strawberries plucked upon his farm on the 15th of Oct. I was also shown some very nice cotton grown upon the same farm. We think we shall soon be able to raise our own cotton, but we hope not to have so much of it, as to have it becoming king at the North, for although we think it a very good servant, we regard it as a very hard master.

E. S. MORSE.

Londonderry, Dec. 2, 1861.

## English Views of our Affairs.

The leading, governing men of England deprecate a war with America, but complacently hope that the Union cannot be reconstructed, and must result in two or more confederations. Lord Palmerston, in his speech at the Mayor's banquet, said:

"On the other side of the Atlantic we witness with the deepest affliction—with an affliction which no words can express—differences of the most lamentable kind among whom we call our cousins and relations. It is not for us to pass judgment on their disputes."

Sir Lytton Bulwer, in a late speech to his constituents, said:

"That separation between North and South America, which is now being brought about by civil war, I have long foreseen, and foretold to be inevitable; and I venture to predict that the younger men here present will see not two, but at least four, and probably more than four separate and sovereign commonwealths arising out of those populations, which a year ago united their legislatures under one President, and carried their merchandise under a single flag."

He deprecates the unity of America, because "America would hang over Europe like a gathering thunder cloud." He proceeds to say, that "in proportion as America shall become subdivided into different States, her ambition will be less formidable to the rest of the world."

The foregoing are specimens of the very general sentiments now current among the aristocratic and privileged classes of England. The GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE, after all, in the government of the nobles and their immense privileges, seems to be the great evil, which these medieval gentlemen deprecate. The poor British mudsills ought to have a say in matters of government, is the first article of their political creed.

## Mason and Slidell.

The *Christian Guardian* published in Canada, in referring to the capture of these traitors says:—

"Every one is anxiously waiting to learn what view the British government will take of the capture of Mason and Slidell on board of the British ship Trent. At first the American papers rejoiced at the occurrence, but admitted that the capture was illegal, and that their government would have to apologize. After a day or two, however, they changed their tone, as they thought they had found some precedents that would justify the act. The question of its legality is not as plain as at first appeared, and no doubt the highest legal intellect and learning will be employed to set it in a clear light. It has been said that the capture of Mason and Slidell is vindicated by the British doctrine of the right of search; but Britain abandoned that right by the treaty of Paris, in 1856. The real question appears to be, were Mason and Slidell contraband of war? And this the American papers take for granted. But then if contraband of war, were they liable to seizure on a vessel proceeding from one neutral port to another neutral port? We do not believe that Britain will needlessly seek a cause of quarrel on this occasion, but that whatever demand she makes will be just and legal; and we do not believe the American government will risk a war with Britain at such a time by refusing such demand."

QUAKERS.—At the last yearly meeting of the Society of Friends, held at Plainfield, Pa., the articles on marriage were so amended as to permit members of their Society to marry persons not members. The following is the new regulation on this subject, as recorded in the minutes of the meeting: "When a Friend shall marry a person not a member of our religious society, the monthly meeting shall appoint a committee to visit him, and if he express a wish to remain a member, and evince his attachment to the Society by his practice of attending our religious meetings, and other satisfactory assurances, he shall be retained; but if otherwise, he is to be considered as having relinquished his right of membership, and should be informed of this conclusion."

## Mails in Montpelier.

SOUTHERN and EASTERN mail closes at 7.45 a. m.; arrives at 5.15 p. m.

NORTHERN and WESTERN closes at 3.45 p. m.; arrives at 9.15 a. m.

NIGHT MAIL for Boston and New York closes at 9.00 o'clock, P. M.

All matter for these mails must be in the office before the time of closing, to go the same day.

BARRE mail arrives daily at 8.30 a. m.; departs every day on arrival of Southern.

BRADFORD mail arrives daily at 4.00 p. m.; departs daily at 8.00 a. m.

DANVILLE arrives Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 4.12 o'clock, a. m.; departs Monday, Wednesday and Fridays at 5 o'clock, a. m.

BARTON arrives Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 3.20 p. m.; departs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 9.45 a. m.

HYDEPARK, by Worcester and Elmora, arrives Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 5.00 p. m.; departs same at Barton.

CHELSEA arrives Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 1.30 p. m.; departs same at Danville.

CALAIS mail arrives Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 1.00 p. m.; leaves alternate days on arrival of Western.

Berlin from two to six times a week.

OFFICE HOURS FROM 7.00 A. M. TO 8.00 P. M.

JAMES G. FRENCH, P. M.

Montpelier, May 1, 1861.